

The Tragedie

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiestie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For first he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterward by substitute betrothed
To *Bona*, sister to the king of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduc t the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

of Richard

To base declension and loathd
By her in his vnlawfull bed he
This *Edward*, whom our mane
More bitterly could I expostula
Saue that for reuerence to some
I giue a sparing limit to my tong
Then good ny Lord, take to yo
This proffered benefit of dignit
If not to blesse vs and the land w
Yet to draw out your royall sto
From the corruption of abusing
Vnto a lineall true deriued cour

Mai. Do good my Lord, yo

Cat. O make them ioyfull, g

Glo. Alas, why would you hea

I am vnfit for state and dignitie:

I do beseech you take it not ami

I cannot, nor I will not yeld t

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue

Loth to depose the childe your

As well we know your tenderne

And gentle kind effeminate ren

Which we haue noted in you to

And egally indeed to all estates,

Yet whether you accept our sute

Your brothers' sonne shall neuer

But we will plant some other in

To the disgrace and downfall of

And in this resolution here we le

Come Citizens, zounds Ile intre

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord

Cat. Call them again, my L.

Ano. Do, good my Lord, least a

Glo. Would you enforce me

Well; call them again, I am not

But penetrable to your kind in

Albeit against my conscience a

Cosen of Buckingham, and you

To

H